



KNOX GRAMMAR SCHOOL

English (Standard) and English (Advanced) Paper 1 – Area of Study

General Instructions

- Reading time – 10 minutes
- Writing time – 2 hours
- Write using dark blue or black pen

Total marks – 45

Section I Pages 3-7

15 marks

- Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section II Page 8

15 marks

- Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section III Page 9

15 marks

- Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Section I

15 marks

Attempt Question 1

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

Answer the question on the writing paper provided. Extra paper is available.

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding on the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Question 1 (15 marks)

Text 1: Novel excerpt 'In the Winter Dark' by Tim Winton

It's dark already and I'm out here again, talking, telling the story to the quiet night. Maurice Stubbs listening to his own voice, like every other night this past year, with the verandah sinking and the house alive with solitary noises the way it always is when the sun's set on another day and no one's come to ask the questions they're gonna ask sooner or later. I just sit here and tell the story as though I can't help it. There's always something in the day that reminds me, that sets me off all hot and guilty and scared and rambling and wistful, like I am now.

This morning I found Jacob down at his boundary fence drunk as a mongrel again, and I carried him up the hill to his place and lit him a fire, fixed some food, cleared away the bottles and that shoe he leaves around, and I left him there in that big old house before it drew breath and screamed my name. An old man like me can lift him now, for God's sake. He's always drunk or silent and skyward as a monk. There's only me and him left, but he doesn't speak.

So I'm the teller. But why don't I keep my mouth shut? Why? Because someone has to hear sooner or later. Because the bloody dreams don't go away. Because today I saw a real estate agent sniffing around across the valley at the girl's place. Because I'm alone, I'm alone here on the farm, the carrier of everyone's memories. So when the dusk comes, in that gloaming time of confusion when you can't tell a tree-stump from a kangaroo, an owl-hoot from a question in the night, the dark begins to open up like the ear of God and I babble it all out, try to get it straight in my mind, and listen now and then for a sigh, a whisper, some hint of absolution and comfort on the way.

This is what I remember, but it's not only my story. It happened to Ida, too, and Jacob and the girl Ronnie. It's strange how other people's memories become your own. You recall things they've told you. You go over things until you think you can see the joins, the cells of it all. And there's dreams. I have these dreams. Dead people, broken people bleed things into you, like there's some pressure point because they can't get it out anymore, can't get it told. It's as though the things which need telling seep across to you in your sleep. Suddenly you have dreams about things that happened to *them*, not to you, as if it isn't rough enough holding down your own secrets. I don't know how it works – I'm no witchdoctor – but I know I remember things I can't possibly know. I'm not mad. Not yet.

They call this valley the Sink. Well, they did when I was a young man. From my verandah of an evening you can see mist on the dark sheen of the swamp and the river-bend below. Ducks spatter round the old white bridge. Frogs come on with the sound of marching. The jarrah forest takes the westering sun as a prick of blood on its brow. There's still only three houses. On the stony pasture across the valley there's the little house surrounded by fallen fences where no one's lived since Ronnie, the girl. Weird thing is, I got to like her in the end, but everyone likes the helpless and the vanquished. To the left, on the slope just up from here, Jacob lives in the limestone place that's been there nearly as long as I remember. We used to call it the Minchinbury place. God, how I hate that house. Jacob's chimney smoke rising like a spirit against the gloom. He'll be sober enough to start drinking again by now. Since the day we dug a grave and drove to the hospital, the day we sat together like friends and drank half a case of Japanese scotch and talked and talked it all out, we haven't said a word to one another. It's a year.

Text 2: Excerpt from the non-fiction article 'My Father's Holocaust Secret' by Itzhak David Goldberg

When I received my father's watch, I was flummoxed by the yellowing photo hidden within the case. I sensed that I had inherited a part of my father's sanctum sanctorum, his innermost being. But my mother was unwilling, or unable, to answer my questions about the photo. Out of deep respect for her, I decided to emulate my father's lifelong covenant of silence. I too would remain silent, for a time.

After my mother's passing, in 2008, I presented the mysterious photo to several distant survivor relatives, who could not identify the woman. My next impulse was to search the newly available online records in Yad Vashem, the Holocaust memorial that houses a large database of victims and survivors. I was stunned to unearth a digital image of a handwritten card penned by my father for the Yad Vashem archives in the early 1950s, and a second record submitted by an unknown person documenting the murder of a woman named Chaya Holzberg Goldberg and her two daughters from Krasnik during the Holocaust. We discovered that several Holzbergs—my father's first cousins, whom I'd met briefly decades earlier—were still alive and residing in New York City.

At an emotional meeting attended by myself, my wife, and our children and grandchildren, we were astounded to learn from Chaya's younger brother Jack Holzberg that my father had been married to Chaya (who was also my father's cousin) before the war. With tears in his eyes, Jack pointed to the woman on the right of the photo from my father's watch case: "This is my sister," he said.

I learned that Chaya and my father had two daughters, Chava and a nameless newborn baby daughter. Shortly after the second baby's birth, the Nazis searched the family's hiding place in Krasnik. When the newborn started to cry, a hand was placed over the baby's mouth to muffle the sound, and the baby girl was inadvertently smothered to death before her parents could name her in the synagogue. Chaya buried her dead newborn in the cemetery in a shallow unmarked grave. Jack recalls his sister telling him that the following night their mother assured her in a dream that the dead baby was "with her." A short period later, the remaining family was captured by the Nazis. My father was transferred to Budzin, but his wife Chaya and 7-year-old daughter Chava were gassed at Majdanek.

Like other second-generation survivors, I will never know what my father was like before the war, nor grasp the magnitude of his devastating losses. His fortitude in shielding his new family from the horrors that haunted him came from a courage and resilience that I deeply admire and cherish. Would that I could tell him now.

Text 3: Image album cover *Lost and Found*



In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the way perceptions of discovery are shaped in and through texts
 - describe, explain and analyse the relationship between language, text and context
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Question 1 (continued)

Text one – Novel excerpt

- (a) Describe how the composer establishes that a discovery is imminent. (3)

Text two – Non-fiction excerpt

- (b) Discuss how the composer conveys the importance of uncovering what has been hidden in the past. (3)

Text three – Image

- (c) Discuss how the image reflects the title of the album. (3)

Texts one, two and three

- (d) Of the three texts, which one captures compellingly how individuals respond to what has been lost, forgotten or concealed? (6)

End of Question 1

Section II

15 marks

Attempt Question 2

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- express understanding of discovery in the context of your studies
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 2 (15 marks)

Use one of the following images as a stimulus for a creative response that explores how we are drawn to discover what has been lost, concealed or forgotten.



Section III

15 marks

Attempt Question 3

Allow about 40 minutes for this section

In your answers you will be assessed on how well you:

- demonstrate understanding of the concept of discovery in the context of your studies
 - analyse, explain and assess the ways discovery is represented in a variety of texts
 - organise, develop and express ideas using language appropriate to audience, purpose and context
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Question 3 (15 marks)

'Even when individuals try to conceal or forget what has happened in the past it is impossible to suppress it.'

Explore if this is the case in your prescribed text and at least ONE other text of your own choosing, and what led to the rediscovery.

The prescribed texts are:

- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

OR

- Jane Harrison, *Rainbow's End*

End of paper